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work. The two last chapters treat specially of the Negro: here the author has made copious use of recent anatomical and physiological researches on this subject. There is such a manifest desire to arrive at the truth, that we should desire not to be too critical on this part of the work, although we could have wished that the author had given his own opinions apart from debated scientific questions.

This volume is one rather of general interest than of scientific importance. It has, however, the somewhat rare merit of honestly describing what the author saw, and not what he would have liked to have seen. This coast journey is the first expedition undertaken by Mr. Reade, but we hope again to meet him on his travels, and on a future occasion to be favoured with more really scientific details concerning the races of man that may come under his observation.

ETHNOLOGY AND PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

By J. W. JACKSON, Esq., F.A.S.L.

SHAKSPEARE.

It would seem from the established practice in all literary circles, that to write the life of a man, is a comparatively trifling affair, for which any person of scholarly education acquainted with the facts, is abundantly qualified. Perhaps, however, there is a mistake in this, and if so, the error is not the less grave, either from its antiquity or its prevalence. As true history is not a mere chronicle of events, so true biography is not a mere narration of incidents. The events and incidents are no doubt goodly material, with which a competent architect will rear a magnificent temple of symmetrical proportions and exquisite beauty; but what will a dunce do with them? In truth, biography is one of the fine arts, and demands genius of no common order for its successful achievement. Is it not, indeed, a species of soul-painting, a depicting of the inner man; a portraying of the subjective as projected upon the canvas of the objective. If not this, then is it only the fragment of a chronicle; and so, at best, but of co-ordinate rank and value. In very truth, every real biography is an evangel; a grand revelation of the *spiritual* beaming through the *actual*, of the eternal pervading the temporal, of the celestial becoming manifest in the earthly, and so demands for its successful effectuation,

not only sight, but insight; not simply learning and talent, even though of the highest, but rather the devout illumination of a worshipful disciple, aglow with the light and glory of the sun-spirit he is so religiously beholding. Thus furnished, your Galilean fisherman surpasses Plutarch, while, *longo intervallo*, poor Bozzy accomplishes the one successful feat of his otherwise miserable existence. But of all this, what does your ordinary biographer know or *feel*? absolutely nothing. It is his business to narrate a career, perhaps for the market, and so the booksellers are satisfied; he certainly is not discomforted. Yet, if a biography is to last,—if it is to become one of the polished cornerstones of literature, its utterances on departed worth and power must descend to deeper springs, and have regard to wider issues, than any such printed gossip has at all contemplated.

No man stands alone. The greatest is not isolated from his fellows or independent of the influences by which he is surrounded. Hence to thoroughly comprehend an individual you must understand the age in which he lived, for this furnishes the mould whence the elements of his being will largely take the form and fashion which they bear. Yet when you have thoroughly mastered all this, and in addition accurately determined the social and educational influences to which he was especially subjected, you have yet only acquired half the data necessary to the solution of your problem. You have at best only estimated the forces; their subject matter is still beyond you. The man as constituted by Nature is still unknown. And for this, if, as is usual, you are only of the literary class, you will be dependent upon his manifestations in thought and action. Very important indications no doubt, and when combined with other elements, of quite incalculable value in arriving at an accurate estimate of character. But you will observe they are only effects, and hence afford information simply as to the causes which have produced them. They, in short, enlighten you as to that part of your hero's character which has become patent, but are hopelessly silent on that, which from want of sufficient opportunity or adequate investigation, has remained latent. Perhaps even this is too favourable an estimate of a merely literary biography; for if the latent powers of its subject be unknown, in all probability the patent will be misapprehended, for an individual character is a whole, and cannot be estimated aright, solely from its fragmentary portions. Least of all, can this be accomplished by men ignorant of the elementary forces which constitute a human mind, and thus utterly unaccustomed to estimate the vigorous interaction maintained between passion, affection, principle, and

faculty in the hidden recesses of consciousness? The result of all this is, that literary biographies are often partial and imperfect, superficial and unsatisfactory, their stand-point being wholly from without, while a true revelation of life demands that its subject should also occasionally be contemplated from within. But for this it will be said, we have a remedy in that now rather fashionable department of literature known as autobiography. And could we obtain a genuine self-revelation this would no doubt be in part true. Not that all men are capable of revealing even themselves. But how many genuine—that is, honest and thoroughly outspoken autobiographies have we? Are not the greater part of these very amusing productions indeed gossiping recollections about *others*, rather than deep, earnest, soul-searching developments of the author's own inner being. Moreover, an autobiography, however excellent, furnishes but one side of the picture, its aspect as contemplated from within, disfigured and discoloured by the prejudice and self-love, of which even the best and most amiable are more or less the victims. And hence to complete the portrait, it is still necessary that it should be contemplated from without, and that too by an eye, that brings with it the power to see. Biography in short, like history, is a branch of science as well as literature, and demands something more than mere classical attainments for its composition.

To thoroughly understand an individual, you should know somewhat of his ethnic roots and relationships. As we have said, he does not stand alone in the world. He came here in virtue of certain predecessors, from whom he will infallibly have inherited many specialities and proclivities that ought not to be ignored. In the account of any animal, its species is esteemed of paramount importance; and justly so, for this at once decides many questions as to its habits and propensities, that might otherwise have remained matter of doubt. But are there not also well marked diversities in the type of man, that have existed apparently from time immemorial, handed down from generation to generation as an organic inheritance, like the special form of various animals, each of these carrying with it certain mental endowments and deficiencies common to the race. As between the strongly contrasted divisions, where the lines of organic demarcation are broad and palpable, this is generally admitted, so that in any notice of a Negro or Mongol, some allusion to his peculiar race could scarcely be omitted, although this is generally so managed as to be utterly devoid of any scientific value; works of this character being, as we have already remarked, usually written by men altogether ignorant of

ethnic data and their application. Nevertheless, even to such there is a glimmer of light afforded, when the lines of separation are prominent and unmistakable, as in contrasted colour or very observable form, but in the minor divisions and subdivisions, the facts of racial descent and propinquity are systematically ignored. Whether a man of eminence be predominantly of Celtic, Classic, Teutonic or Slavonic type, is usually esteemed a matter of such insignificance that it is never alluded to, save indirectly, when we are informed as a *social* and *educational* fact, of his nationality, moral *influences* being regarded as of unspeakable importance, while the very *elements* on which they have to act are commonly treated with ignorant indifference. Now while the former are not to be neglected, constituting as they do one-half of the problem, that is the *forces* by which given results have been worked out, neither should we despise the latter, as they are the subject matter on which these forces have had to operate.

Thus, for example, in any life of Raphael, his especially Italic type, as seen in the portrait by himself, should never be overlooked; while in any attempted parallel between him and his great rival Michael Angelo, the marked contrast in their genius and disposition is readily explained by the predominantly Gothic blood of the latter. Again, how superficial would be any life of Voltaire, that did not take as its keynote the fact of his Celtic descent and character. How impotently do all ordinary biographies of that model Frenchman stop short at secondary causes. Nay, to understand him thoroughly, he must not only be regarded as generically a Celt, but also of the Gallic variety, and so very different from the Spanish or British divisions of the same ancient and excitable race. Thus only can we comprehend the man, and thus only can we understand his mission, as undermining a faith by sarcasm, and sapping a throne by wit, he heralded the greatest revolution on record by arts which with us are confined to the drawing-room and the stage, and even there are limited in their range and subordinate in their rank. It was a Gallic prophet speaking to his people in their own brilliant dialect, and appealing to them by motives and through sympathies, that would have proved all but inoperative upon an alien race. As a contrast to the gay and sprightly Frenchman, behold the sturdy and stalwart champion of the Reformation, Martin Luther. Predominantly and essentially Teutonic, with perhaps just a sufficiency of the Slavonic element to give him increased basilar power, the honest, earnest, and pious German, to the best of his ability, built up one form of religion while he pulled down another. No vain scoffer was the rude monk of Erfurt, but a stern

and fierce Elijah coming forth out of the wilderness to cast down the gauge of battle before the priests of Baal. In all solemnity, and with throes of soul not to be uttered, did he enter upon his terrible conflict with the powers of darkness, going forth to the encounter not in gaunt infidelity, but with prayerful wrestlings and in living faith. And so he founded a church, still calling itself Lutheran. But what has the Gaul founded? Perhaps it were more pertinent to ask, what he has *unfounded*, for if we mistake not, dilapidation and not edification was his mission. Brave hearted and defiant German, supple and subtle Frenchman, appropriate incarnations of your respective types, how can either of you be understood except in the light of race?

It were easy to extend these examples, for many great and well marked periods in history abound with instances of such representative men. Look at the Greek Alexander; could a cautious and politic Roman have accomplished what he did, or if so, would he have achieved it by similar means, and in the same time? So again, how thoroughly Latian in every fibre of him was Julius Cæsar. What laboured strategy in his campaigns, what precalculation in his policy. Through how much of conscious effort did he climb the excelsior path which led him ultimately to the heights of empire. And who does not trace the Arab in every lineament of Mahomet? The blood of a thousand desert seers befittingly culminated in that dread prophet of the eastern wilderness. His fiery zeal, that set a world in flames, speaks of Arabia in its every deed and every utterance. Could a Plato with his refined philosophy, or even a Socrates with his practical wisdom, have achieved so much? No, we reply; it demanded the terrible *inspiration* of a Semitic soul to found a faith that in two generations raised its warrior-priests to the royal and sacerdotal supremacy of a continuous empire, that extended from the Indus to the Pillars of Hercules. What Anglo-Saxon solidity spoke out in every word and act of Cromwell; and how did the lightning-like rapidity of the Græco-Italian Buonaparte overawe an astonished world, in the earlier and better days of that greatest of modern captains. Could any but a thoroughly English stock have produced plain, sensible, honest, and able George Washington? Could any other country than France have furnished a Talleyrand? Is it possible to conceive of Britain or Germany, Holland or Sweden, providing such a man? Could aught but Hellenic acuteness of perception have reflected back the living descriptions of Homer, or anything short of Grecian accuracy of observation, have sufficed for the faultless sculp-

ture of Phidias and Praxiteles? Would less than Roman dignity and power have secured the force of Sallust and the compression of Tacitus? Was it possible for Machiavelli to have been born out of Italy, or could John Milton have come of aught but English antecedents? A little reflection on the data thus furnished by war, politics, literature, and art, may suffice to convince us of the importance of ethnic facts in connection with the biography of distinguished men, whose endowments and proclivities to be thoroughly understood, must be regarded not simply as individual specialities, but also as the grand culmination and glorious manifestation of racial capacity.

But while we thus have regard to the ethnic stock, it is also of equal importance that we should thoroughly understand the individual, not simply in those manifested effects, the blossoms of thought or fruits of action by which he may be known to the world of fact, but also in that profounder causal sphere, in that deeper realm of power and possibility, whence his life and works have proceeded, as a wondrous result, swelling up from the inexhaustible fountains of force and vitality within. Let us repeat it, a literary biography can furnish little other than the contemplation of its subject, from the superficial standpoint of effects, and yet what we really want, especially in a truly great mind, is a master key wherewith to unlock the mystic treasure house of his soul, a clue by which to penetrate to that deeper realm of elemental force, whose products may take their form from influences without, but derive their quality from endowments within. To fully understand what he has done, we must know what he could have done. To thoroughly comprehend his actual, we must know the relation it bears to his possible, for thus only can we correctly estimate what proportion of his being has come forth into manifestation. Now to accomplish this satisfactorily we affirm that phrenology, based on and combined with the ethnic data to which we have already alluded, is absolutely necessary, that without this there will be at best but opinion and probability, while with it there is the certainty of true knowledge, and that accuracy and precision to which science alone can conduce.

As example is preferable to precept, we will illustrate our meaning by taking the great English dramatist Shakspeare, as the subject of an ethno-phrenological development, accessory to and supplementary of an ordinary literary life of that prince of modern poets. Born in the central county of England, which nevertheless borders on Wales, the bard of Avon was doubtless by descent of that well mingled and thoroughly amalgamated Celto-Teutonic race, familiarly known as the

Anglo-Saxon, but in reality consisting of elements from nearly every Caucasian stock in Europe, with probably a remote tinge even from the Mongolic. When well matured, this will present a Celtic basis of well developed nerve and its accompanying intellectuality and susceptibility, thoroughly baptised by and intimately combined with the muscular and osseous force characteristic of the more massive Teuton. The latter, however, is an alien element, ever tending to "shell off" in its coarser forms, preparatory to the reemergence of the central, because over this area, primal Celtic type, on which it was induced by the normal process of a conquering immigration, when the aborigines had become weak by the exhausting effects of a previous era of civilisation. Of this process arrived at maturity, Shakspeare is an admirable example, and as such may be regarded, even racially, as the prophetic man of the future. With all the refinement, delicacy and susceptibility, with all the accuracy of perception, intensity of feeling, rapidity of thought, and splendour of imagination, which attach to the Celt in his highest forms and under his most cultured aspect, he united the grandeur and power, the moral altitude, and the intellectual expansion of the larger Teutonic nature, as seen under some phases in the Scandinavian, and under others in the German. In one beautifully harmonious being, he combined the burning fire of Celtic passion with the sustained and genial warmth of Teutonic affection; while intellectually he possessed the brilliant wit of the former, with occasionally the grim humour of the latter. So in his characters we see here the native politeness of the Celt, and there the bluff heartiness of the Teuton; his own great, expansive and richly endowed nature covering and embracing the two extremes, with of course all their intermediates.

In a sense, then, we may say that Shakspeare is the finished or classical type of the modern British man, the ethnic bourne whereto the race has gradually yet surely tended from the time of the great Saxon and Scandinavian immigration. Nor are the indications of this to be expressed only in vague and general terms; we may discover the same fact in the special characteristics and particular features of his organisation. Thus, although nervous as a Celt, the face, in perfect accordance with the magnificent coronal altitude of the head, presents, with all its poetic and artistic refinement, the calmly reflective expression of a profoundly meditative Teuton. Sage and bard in one majestic nature, the well refined result of the union of these two great types, which by their ethnic marriage have produced this glorious heir, possessed of Celtic intelligence without its overstrained excita-

bility, and of Teutonic calm and self-possession without their accompanying materiality and phlegm. Similar indications are afforded by the frame, beautifully proportioned and of medium stature, in which there is Celtic fibre without its worn and wasted wiryness, and Teutonic muscle without its ponderosity and heaviness. A well-built, well-poised man, whose body was admirably fitted to be the servant of his fair and harmonious soul, the worthy exponent and outcome of his resplendent spirit, the predestined light-bearer of the centuries.

But we may descend into yet minuter details. We can contemplate this born king of men phrenologically and physiognomically, as well as ethnically. We can read the sublimities of that lofty and commanding brow, and trace the excelsior yearnings of that pure and beautiful face. We can thus not only say what he actually was, but what, under other circumstances and influences, he might have been. We can thus not only measure his realities, but also his possibilities, and show the world how much, after all, of latent force lay hidden in that magnificent soul, whose moral and intellectual plenitude, so far from being exhausted, was only indicated by those wondrous dramas which are so justly the admiration of the world. The greatest poet that ever lived, he might equally have been the profoundest metaphysician or ablest statesman the world ever beheld. The Elizabethan age wanted an archdramatist, and he supplied its necessities; but, had it needed a philosophy or a faith, he could equally, with due evocation, have provided for its grander requirements. But, as these are strong assertions, that might not go unchallenged or be accepted independently of proof, we will now attempt their demonstration from the data already indicated.

We have portraits of Shakspeare that are authentic. The only approach to a bust of him, however, is the one at Stratford, whose general correctness is vouched for both by internal evidence and by its agreement in all essentials with the portraits. From these we learn that the basis of the brain was by no means large, there being only a sufficiency of passional impulse to give practical energy, and afford by personal experience an accurate conception of the working of passion in others. Such a being could never be grossly sensual; and, if there was any phase of character entirely beyond his power of realisation, it was that of a merely animal voluptuary, like Vitellius or Heliogabalus. And, accordingly, we find that these are not the characters he ever paints, the self-indulgence of Sir John Falstaff being relieved by wit and good nature, and his Caliban being an avowed monster. The affections, not only as seen in the bust, but as reflected from the face in the portraits, are of

sufficient strength to produce warmth and geniality of feeling in all the varied relationships of life, but they have neither the volume nor intensity that would render them independent of the supervision of the judgment or the control of the moral principles. A refining element from the higher nature would ever pervade both them and the passions, lighting up and transfiguring these inferior elements as with the supernal glory of a purer and nobler sphere. For let us never forget that, while the entire organisation of Shakspeare demonstrates that he was an universal and truly representative man, it at the same time clearly shows the entire predominance of the higher over the lower elements in his being, which was, indeed, cast in an essentially spiritual, and, if we may so express ourselves, transcendental mould.

And this brings us to the region of the sentiments, where we shall be at war with his critics, and perhaps not quite in harmony with the general estimate of the world. Society, as a rule, judges a man very properly, not by his promises, but his fulfilments, estimating his capabilities by his performances. But it is very doubtful whether this good practical rule applies with equal force to the career of genius, a celestial visitant usually beyond our parallax, a meteor flash suddenly sent from the inmost to the outmost, and in reality a heavenly revelation rather than a natural phenomenon. Playwrights can scarcely be expected to fulfil the rôle of prophets. Their vocation may not be necessarily immoral; but there are scenes which they must represent, and characters which they must body forth, not perchance in exact accordance with their sentiments, but yet in perfect keeping with the character and requirements of the piece on which they are engaged. The acting drama, too, let it be remembered, is a living institution, and as such must exist in harmony with the manners and spirit of the times in which its representations take place. This adequately explains the more objectionable passages in the works of the Swan of Avon: they were not the product of his inner and higher inspirations, but apt adaptations to the present and professional requirements of the Elizabethan stage. They were not the outpourings of the man, but the utterances of the age, and as such may be at once dismissed as foreign to the matter we have in hand.

Let us now, then, without prejudice, contemplate this great spirit under his moral aspect, as this was reflected in his material organisation. And here the first thing which must strike a phrenological eye is the unusual altitude and beautiful arching of the entire coronal region. Every sentiment is fully developed, all are in perfect har-

mony, and, as a whole and in combination, they cannot fail to exercise a thoroughly predominant and commanding influence over the entire character. The result of this fine union of perfect balance with vast power, must be a series of moral manifestations, under all circumstances of a high, but under favourable and evocative influences, of the very highest order. There is the firmness requisite for a manly will, and for the steady persistence of heroic endeavour in the achievement of a difficult purpose, united with a caution that, in combination with the superior intellectual faculties, cannot fail to provide forethought in the commencement, with prudence in the management of every "enterprise of great pith and moment". Thus there may be perseverance without obstinacy, and forethought without vacillation. There is an exalted conscientiousness calculated to give the very finest sense of honour. Rectitude must be natural to such a mind. Integrity is the atmosphere of such a spirit. Not that this will give birth to the hardness of a legal, or the severity of a merely judicial character, for justice is here indeed tempered with mercy: the crowning glory of that lofty brow being a benevolence so elevated and expansive as to indicate a wide-spread philanthropy and all-embracing charity, capable of sympathising with the most distant, and pardoning the most guilty of mankind. Here we have in large part the key to his kindly portraiture of humanity. Such a man could not be a misanthrope. With his genial affections and gentle beneficence, he could not fail to love his fellow-men, and interpret even their errors under the most favourable aspect. There was a large-heartedness, from which no form of being could be wholly excluded. Such a soul, in very truth so grand and royal, like the sun, lighted and warmed all it looked upon; at once transfiguring everything with the glory and beauty of the true poet, and yet loving all things with the ardour of a real man.

Thus far, perhaps, we may carry with us the sympathies and even the assent of our readers; but few, probably, will be prepared to follow us in the observations we are now about to make on the religious character of our great dramatist. And yet they are based on the same evidence as the foregoing. They rest on a similar foundation of organic facts, and will be equally accepted by all duly prepared and competent phrenologists. The entire coronal region of Shakespeare was so elevated, and the central line through benevolence and comparison so well developed, as to unmistakably indicate immense power in veneration. With a nature so harmonious in all other respects, it is not probable, and, indeed, scarcely possible, that this

important organ should have been out of due keeping with its surroundings. So that, although we have no cast, unless, indeed, we are prepared to accept that in possession of Professor Owen as genuine, and can only be guided by portraits and busts, we are yet justified in asserting that his higher proclivities were not only grandly devotional, but that his entire being was framed in a worshipful mould. From the very nature of his profession, however, this could only attain to an imperfect manifestation. The Globe theatre was scarcely a temple to the Highest; nor were the services and utterances demanded of its highpriest exactly those compatible with the mission of a prophet. The world just then wanted an archplaywright, and it got him.

It is only the truly loyal soul that can be innately royal. It was Shakspeare's reverence that gave him the key to kingly hearts. The author was at home in the throne-room of princes and the council-chamber of nations, because the man would have entered august presences with chivalrous fealty. He understood greatness, because he regarded it worshipfully; not with the vulgar wonder, and blind abasement of an inferior, but with the noble sympathy and enlightened appreciation of an equal mind. There is nothing stilted in his kings; nothing forced in his lords. His genius was obviously put to no strain for their embodiment. The most accomplished courtier could not have given them better manners; the profoundest statesman could not have furnished them with grander thoughts. He is equal to all occasions, and adequate to every character, the lowest as well as the highest. Now a Coriolanus, then a lackey; here a Cæsar, and there a Caliban. His insight is supreme, because his instruments were reverence and sympathy. With these he unlocks all hearts, and is effectually present with every form of consciousness. He knows all, because he loves and reveres all. Truly as we have said a prophetic soul, but born in an age devoid of the higher mission, and so compelled to reveal himself through those meaner offices, in which, nevertheless, his inherent royalty is clearly discernible.

Not that he could have accomplished even this without an intellect in all respects fully proportionate to his moral endowments. Devoid of adequate faculty he would have wanted that harmony which constitutes the glory of his being. His powers were all coordinate. Vast and varied as were his gifts, he was yet no onesided giant, but a perfect man. We suppose that no one ever looked upon that god-like brow, towering aloft in its sublime altitude; a veritable mountain of intellect, so calm and majestic, like Omnipotence in repose, without

feeling that here at least was a monarch of mind. The most unob-servant must be impressed with so grand a presence, however incapable of analysing the source of their sentiments. To the skilled and experienced phrenologist, however, all this presents a volume of unwonted significance; the organisation of the man being far greater than the works of the author, the former indicating the possible, and the latter only manifesting the actual of this rarely gifted being. By the first, we mount up, so far as is possible on the merely material plane, to the wellhead of causation; through the last we are limited simply to the sphere of effects, as conditioned by circumstances.

Let it never be supposed that the soul of any man can be bound up between the covers of a book, least of all, such a one as we are now contemplating. It were, indeed a rather ample *world* as we take it, that would fully contain him and his aspirations. For here in very truth, if anywhere, was a mind of the very highest, that is the creative order, a veritable poet in the grander sense of that great epithet, whose works were but a fragmentary index of his capability. The intellect of Shakspeare was perhaps more nearly universal, than that of any masterspirit who has emerged to the surface, and been exposed to the critical investigation of posterity. In him perception and memory, thought and imagination, were all effectually developed, and beautifully proportioned. From the refinement of his temperament, and the harmony of his organisation, he probably possessed the truest soul-mirror ever accorded to man. He reflected faithfully what he perceived accurately. There was no distortion in his images; no undue exaggeration of one feature with a corresponding diminution of another. His ideas were transcripts from nature, and hence were not only true to his own age, but will be equally true to all time. Thus it is we feel that his characters are veritable men and women, not as is so often the case in dramatic composition, mere stage automata without any reality behind them. Not that this lifelike accuracy of portraiture could have been produced by the intellect alone, however richly endowed this portion of his nature might have been. To produce such a result, as already observed, it was necessary that there should be a corresponding harmony in the moral and affectional elements of his being, which might thus co-operate with the intellectual, and constitute, in their tripartite union, the perfection of human character and capability.

The true poet must be no merely literary scribbler, the mechanical maker of harmonious verses. This faculty of good writing constitutes indeed but one of the lower necessities of his craft. In addition to

this, not only must he have the visioned eye, which sees the open secret, never revealed in its grander significance but to the true seer, but he must also be artist, architect, and musician, uniting in himself the whole vast category of endowment, which is usually divided among the priesthood of the beautiful. This Shakspeare did, and that too in a supereminent degree. Look at that fairly arched eyebrow, so perfectly in accordance with the symmetrically developed features of that more than classic, that spiritual face, of which it forms a befitting and harmoniously component part. What a faculty for colour, form, outline, and perspective is there indicated to the duly qualified observer. An eyebrow worthy of Titian. No doubt this man painted with the pen, and that too in a style which leaves us nothing to regret that he never used the pencil; but when we contemplate these fine executive powers in combination with his splendid ideality and constructiveness, it becomes at once obvious that in gaining its greatest dramatist the world lost its second Raphael. Perhaps, indeed, we ought rather to say its first, for here was a power for composition whence a thousand Transfigurations might have been derived. No wonder his stage scenes are an unfailing source of inspiration to artists. How, indeed, could they be otherwise, for are they not cartoons of ever varied life, drawn by a master-hand, whose equal the world has never yet beheld?

It must not be supposed that all architects build with stone. What, indeed, is a great epic but a magnificent temple of ideas. Your Iliad is grander than the Parthenon. The Divina Commedia transcends all Minsters, and looks down with sublime pity even on St. Peter's; while no man we suppose would compare St. Paul's to that palace of thought, which the infernals reared beneath the spiritual eye of the blind old bard of Britain's stormy isle. It is the same with the plot of a perfect drama. It is a temple of exquisite design and elaborate workmanship, demanding architectural genius of the highest order. What Doric pile ever equalled the simplicity and grandeur, the power and sublimity of the Prometheus Unbound. And what Gothic cathedral or Norman castle could be compared to Hamlet or Richard the Third?

There was a period when the sage and poet were one, when all high utterances were essentially rhythmic in form and idealistic in spirit, when the great man was also the good, and genius ever tended to culminate in prophesy. All these things have doubtless been much changed in these latter centuries, but whether for the better may admit of rather grave doubt. The clerisy of the land are now sepa-

rated into many orders. First the men of science and the men of letters, each again arranged into many subdivisions, now, alas, so isolated and estranged, in accordance with the analytical and disintegrative spirit of our age, that their several members are apt occasionally to forget that they once were formally, and still are essentially, brethren of the same exalted craft. We want a reconstitution not only of the priesthood of letters, but also of the hierarchy of intellect, now fallen like so much else into a state of chaotic ruin. And thus then it has come to pass that William of Stratford was regarded, and perhaps even regarded himself, as simply a playwright and poet, and not at all as a prophet, it being his worshipful vocation, among other things, to afford adequate amusement at the Globe Theatre to the court and the apprentices of London. And in the assiduous and praiseworthy prosecution of this his "lawful calling," it was that he produced those wondrous dramas which we are sometimes pleased to call immortal, but which to him were probably simple matters of business, conducing in their appointed way to a healthy condition of the exchequer. And yet this same playwright had in him, beyond question, a true prophetic voice of the deepest significance, had the world only been pleased to listen to its inspired utterances. Look, as we have said, at that lofty veneration, crowning the most God-like brow of these latter generations, and say whether the religious element could have been absent from such a soul. Here in very truth, if anywhere, was a man full of all devoutness, profoundly worshipful in his innermost spirit, to whom real irreverence of any kind was impossible. An inherently and constitutionally religious man, who indeed saw into the very heart of things, mainly because he loved, and in the better sense idolised them. Then, in strictest accordance with this exalted moral nature, so magnificently developed along the central line, behold the powerful comparison, powerful, yet blending so harmoniously with causality. What an inexhaustible capacity for apt and beautiful illustration lies there. What apologues and parables, bright and glorious in all the radiant imagery of genius, went down to the grave silently with this successful stage-manager. Alas, with all respect be it spoken, was there not here also a divine "*Tecton*," who yet never emerged out of the "shop," never taught upon his higher plane, was never baptised with fire from heaven, was never called to his most heavenly mission, the world as we have said in his day wanting not a prophet but a playwright, in which capacity, accordingly, the Godsent in the guise of a servant, as is their wont, ministered unto its requirements.

Society does not want prophets, it never did, and probably never will; the powers that be both in church and state, regarding all such, whatever their credentials and pretensions, as unwelcome and intrusive. But it does want sages and philosophers, at all events can endure them with more equanimity than their kinsmen the seers, perhaps because they do not knock quite so hard at the accepted respectabilities, what we call orthodoxies, as their sterner and more earnest brethren. And yet here also the world had an unspeakable loss in this William of Stratford. Never since the days of Plato has a more spiritually gifted and metaphysically endowed intellect been manifested for the enlightenment of men. Of this, what bright scintillations do we now and then obtain in the ordinary course of his plays, in very truth "sparks from the anvil" at which this Titanic Tecton is labouring, with such demiurgic force, to frame, so far as in him lies, a grim chaos into a beautiful creation.

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

What depths of Pythagorean lore, what farstretching glimpses of antenatal existence, what a grasp of the great and glorious thought, that we are not only immortal but *eternal*, in that pregnant line,

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,"

is another. What a Brahminical perception of the unreality of appearance, what a profound intuition that all this seemingly solid and substantial world is after all but a cheating semblance, the *maia* or divine delusion by which the senses are mocked, but through which the soul is nevertheless educated. What more than Platonic spiritualities were in this man, folded up for the most part silently, not being often wanted perchance in that particular craft, to which as court playwright, he was specially devoted. Truly we have had Thomas Hobbes and John Locke, David Hume and Bishop Berkeley, who in their formal and laborious way have endeavoured to cast some few rays of light on the abstruse problems of our inner life, but if we mistake not, here was a master of psychology, who with a few strokes of his magician's wand would have revealed more than they could have put into many volumes. But the world of Queen Bess did not want moral philosophy but amusement, and William of Stratford knew how to supply its necessities.
